

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL XII. NO. 18. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, FEB. 10, 1896. [GENERAL W. BOOTH, Commander-in-Chief for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 2 CENTS.



AS IT OUGHT—AND AS WE HOPE IT WILL BE!

CHRISTIANITY (to Lord Salisbury and President Cleveland)—"Men and brethren, representing the Empire and the Republic, there is a better way to settle your disputes than by recourse to arms. Will you adopt it?" SALISBURY AND CLEVELAND—"We will!" (They break their swords, and shake hands).

As it Ought to be.

(Our Frontispiece.)



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT
HIMSELF."

(MY MOTTO.)



FROM

Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

MAY our frontispiece soon see a fulfillment in fact. Peace, Christianity's daughter, with the radiant Star of Hope glittering from her forehead and the dove of peace resting on her heart, has spoken from various sources to the great statesmen who stand at the helm of the British Empire and the Republic respectively. God grant that her message may be heard.

—II—

At a meeting in Manchester, over which I presided, Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, in the course of his address said, "In the Venezuelan dispute, it would be hard indeed if the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon race was unable to settle any dispute without war. (Cheers). . . . War with the United States of America appeared to himself, and doubtless to his hearers also, to be enveloped with the unnatural horror of a civil war, which, with any nation, is a remedy to be avoided at all costs except direst necessity." Mr. Balfour also said he trusted and believed the day would come when the latter statement in authority—more fortunate than even Monroe—would assert a doctrine between English-speaking peoples under which war would be impossible. (Cheers).

—II—

At a conference of the International Arbitration League, held in London January 15th, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, a resolution was adopted advocating a pacific settlement of the difficulty between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary question and the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitration between England and the United States.

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Mr. Norman, representing the London Daily Chronicle, recently personally interviewed every member of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations with respect to a like permanent pacific method for settling the disputes of the two peoples, with which every member expressed himself thoroughly in accord. We do hope and pray, therefore, although the latest news to date speaks of there being no disposition on the part of Lord Salisbury to return from the position he first took, that the peace of the Motherland and the Republic will not be broken either by the Venezuelan or any other matter.

—II—

ITEMS FROM THE BROCKVILLE MAN.

During my first visit to PERTH I was very pleased to see the change in the appearance of things all round. Three saved drunkards graced the platform. I also enrolled three recruits.

At KEMPVILLE a young man professed to feel morose.

On Christmas and New Year's days we conducted several meetings. On Christmas night Daniel, Hobart, and Alex May Squirrel were dedicated. We have now four Squirrels and a Fox in BROCKVILLE corps. On New Year afternoon a sister sought the Lord.

At our out-port, ALGONQUIN, I dedicated Maude Desmond Kirby.

MORRISBURG reports several souls lately. Crowds are very good again ditto.

We have launched our "Aggressive Crusade" in the District, and we are going in to do our very best for God during the next three months.

Also in the great War Cry Boom-Lori, help us to do our level best in this line!

JAMES McHARG, D.O.

We clip the following from Training Home Sharpshirts: God bless the Commandant! Twinkler was one of his lads in the old C. D. days. We used to call him father. His welcome home at Regent Hall was a tip-topper. His looks at the dear lads and lasses on the platform seemed a wee bit suggestive. All the lads, of course, say they are ready for anywhere. I wonder if there is anything in it!

Thank God for the ring of thanksgiving that comes from every side. CAPTAIN THOMAS, of Port Arthur, concludes by saying: "As for myself, I want to tell you that above everything else in the world I praise God for my salvation, and for the privilege He has given me of fighting in the dear old Army. I have victory in my own soul and victory in the corporation. We have sought and found salvation since Sunday week. We have a band of thorough good soldiers."

—II—

CAPTAIN AND MRS. GILLETTE, in Moscow, Idaho, write to the very same strain. "Praise God for victory in our own hearts and in the hearts of our comrades. Sinners are feeling God's Holy Spirit. Yesterday was a glorious time and five souls. Every soldier on the mountain-top."

—II—

CAPTAIN COCKERILL, too, from quite another quarter, writes in his own characteristic style: "We are one with you under the flag. You have won the hearts of loyal soldiers of the Army. Our motto is SOULS—souls for Jesus! Eighteen have been saved since the new year.

—II—

CAPTAIN STATA'S testimony sounds the right note for victory. "I know I can," says he, "from my deepest heart, say I love my dear Jesus, and our precious Army more than ever. I mean with God's help to be what A REAL SALVATIONIST ought to be. I love our Army. I love my work, and my whole desire is to live so that I may have no inheritance in yonder city that fadeth not away."

—II—

How much pure joy there is in the service of souls! "I LOVE IT HERE," repeats ENSIGN ELLEBY, recently arrived in Newfoundland Reconciling Home. "I love it, and I believe God is going to give me the victory. I feel I have where He wants me. He shall have His way with me. I thank Him for the victory at St. John, N.B. I look back and feel truly God did help me wonderfully. I left such a beautiful lot of former girls. They will fare themselves, and they go up a tea for me not long before I left. One girl gave me all her money, which goes to the Reconciling Home. I told her not to do it, to keep some herself, she might need it. But no; she said she only wished it was twenty dollars! She was a thorough Reconcile case, saved and doing all she can."

—II—

May the Lord help us all to be living sermons to the sinful. "God is helping and blessing us in the Home," writes ENSIGN HOLMEAN, of the City Siam Brigade. "We can see that while so many come in here under the influence of liquor, God is making them see themselves SINNERS, and helping us to walk before them that they can understand that IF THEY WILL there is a better way for them to live. I don't think we have anything to complain of, more or less, about our work; there is anything that we are in want of—except that we need ANOTHER OFFICER—one who would love this kind of toll. For such a one I could find almost any amount of work. In the Lord's time I do hope He will send some one along."

The Lord's time is NOW. But, alas, how many there are who hear His voice urging them to come to our help, and all the answer they can give is, "Lord, here am I, SEND SOMEBODY ELSE!"

—II—

The following cheering note is from ADJUTANT STEWART, of the prosperous Reconcile Home at Parkdale. "We have eighteen girls just now, and there is such a spirit of repentance among them. Thank God! I love to

see them under real deep conviction of sin. They don't forget it when they have accepted the Saviour. One last night stood up with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged she had not been living up to the light she had, but she had given herself anew to God, and invited the rest to watch her in the future. As officers, we send most of the time the Holy Spirit. I have consecrated myself now to do all in my power for those around me."

—II—

Here comes word from away in the Northwest. What numbers of bravely fighting, and yet innocent Indian women warriors we have! MRS. ADJUTANT RAWLINGS has reason to look back with interest to Thortonto, seeing that it was here she changed her name for her present one. "We are with you, SOUL and BODY," she declares, "to push forward the Salvation war at your direction. We love the Army with the love of true soldiers. I believe we love it the more for the sorrows through which it has been called to pass. I cannot do so much as I would, outside my own home with the two children (baby just eight weeks to day), but I pray to the Lord, I believe He is helping me there, and we do want our dear little ones to be trained for God and the Army."

—II—

MRS. MAJOR JEWELL touches a string to which many a heart will vibrate, among the wives of our Staff Officers, whose husbands are of necessity so much away from them. Speaking again of the Major, she says: "By the blessing of God, I was enabled to send him away from home with A STRONG HEART. I feel I did not want to make his cross any heavier by my groaning and complaining. Now I feel so thankful it was so. God is blessing me in my soul, and there is such a deep deep yearning after more of His Calvary love, that shall enable me to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice, and ever to seek the lost ones in sin."

—II—

In a faltering, unknown hand comes an envelope containing a neatly-worked little handkerchief, and a letter signed by "One who is trying to do better." "Please accept this, from one who sincerely wishes you and yours a Happy New Year. It is from one who would be so glad to know her sins were forgiven her! I know you, Mrs. Booth, from seeing your face in the War Cry. I wish you were where I could talk to you. I believe you could help me. But, Doctor, whatever you are, wherever you are—with four sin-trodden soul you shall not go to JESUS. There is mercy, there is pardon still for you. Look to the Crucified. Earth hath no sorrow that Jesus cannot cure." Comrades, as you read this, raise your heart for one moment in prayer, that this storm-tossed wanderer may find refuge in the harbor of God's love and pardon.

—II—

Here is the testimony of CAPTAIN MARRIS, of the Crusaders. "I thought I was too far east west to have anyone in Toronto think of me," he writes. "I have been among the Coeur d'Alene Mountains since the beginning of December with the Crusaders. They are the world's best. They are here to open the doors, and it's quite hard to get them to think of anything else. But the Lord is on our side, and He has enabled us to give them the Gospel of Truth, and all its results can only be known in eternity, though quite a number have sought and found pardon."

—II—

Oh, what an urgent need there is on the road to soul-succes! that we should be willing to be shown where

we were wrong, and then to be determined not to rest until the weak places are made strong by the power of God. A dear Captain and Lieutenant write as "Girls in the War." "We see we have known defeat, and we have GRIEVED over it, for we want to be soul-winners, and WE WILL, by His grace. In God we trust." Hallelujah!

ST. JOHN, N.B., DISTRICT NEWS NOTES.

1866 finds us praying and arranging for a THREE MONTHS' CAMPAIGN commencing in February. We have just come from a Staff Council held at Fredericton. It is generally known that if you can move the Staff victory is sure to come.

ST. JOHN L.—Ours we are moving on at old No. 1 Sunday last was a good day. At night three souls sought mercy. We have every reason to believe for a revival at No. 1. CAPT. KENWAY and LIEUT. SELIG have been working hard at No. II, and having some souls. They say good-bye to No. 11 Sunday next.

CARLETON, N.B.—CAPT. EMMA ALLAN and LIEUT. GOODWIN are fighting away at Carleton. There is deep sorrow just now over the Captain and Lieutenant being separated. Captain Emma Allan goes to Newfoundland, and Lieut. Goodwin goes well, she will know soon.

FAIRFIELD, N.B.—CAPT. RAYNOR and LIEUT. MCLEOD have fought a good fight here.

Hallelujah Weddings.—Ex-Captain Rufus and Rev. Dr. Linton were united by Brigadier Scott a few weeks ago. A nice crowd attended the meeting.

CARLETON WEDDING.—Ex-Capt. Crossman and Bro. Wm. Smith, of Campbellton, were made one under the grand old S. A. colors on Christmas night.

FREDERICKTON, N.B.—I spent a very good Sunday here a short time ago. Captain informs me of a coming carol and re-commisioning of local officers and bandmen.

ME JOIN EM.

KENTVILLE CIRCLE CORPS S.D. NOTES.

Our S.D. effort this year was quite a success, notwithstanding the cry of hard times and impending war. We were as usual anxious to do our best, led on by our beloved Ensign.

The first one was held in KENTVILLE on Thanksgiving Day, the Presbyterian church being kindly lent us by the Rev. W. P. Biggs. This was quite a good audience, although a very cold evening. Then the Methodist church in CANNING was very kindly loaned by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Fisher, to whom the Army is indebted for many kind acts. The audience was a good one.

At BERWICK we had the pleasure of having the Methodist church loaned by the Rev. G. W. F. Gennings, the Rev. Alex. Tritie kindly entering the Ensign and doing all in his power to make the meeting a success. During S.D. Week Capt. McKay collected \$14.17; Local, \$6.50; Mrs. Rufus, \$2.52; Mrs. Scholiod, another comrade who walked altogether 49 miles, \$12.90. Beside Rogers, too, who thought nothing of trudging twenty miles, got \$6.61, so with \$6 collected by another, with a few smaller amounts we finished the campaign. The Methodist minister, in Kentville, Rev. T. E. Ackman, offered us his church afternoon and evening of December 8th, and gave us the collection on the 9th. The Lord God for helping us, and go forward believing for constant victory—N.I.C.—N.A.C.

I would like to add that we have had the pleasure of another visit from Ensign Galt, accompanied by several musicians. Captain Flossie Johnson, Cadet Bill Forsyth and T. M. Smith. One dear little girl very naively remarked, as they stepped on the platform, "They were prettier than the people around."

We had a good meeting with one soul at the sign. The next day the party left for WATERVILLE, where they had a beautiful meeting in the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Allen extending to us a standing invitation.

THE GENERAL'S Australasian Campaign.

(CONTINUED.)

BRISBANE.

In continuation of his Brisbane visit the General spoke at a magnificent hall crowded to overflowing, packed from floor to ceiling.

The chair was taken by the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer (Mr. T. H. Thorne), and it is a coincidence worth noting, that he, like so many of the General's chairmen on this tour, undertook the same duty four years ago.



R. FRASER, Esq., Mayor of Brisbane.

On rising to introduce the speaker of the evening, Mr. Tager congratulated The General on his return to Queensland, and officially, as a member of the Government, heartily welcomed him to the Colony.

The General's address needs no description. Those who have heard the General will realize it better for than pen can tell; those who have never had that pleasure will form no conception.

At the conclusion of the speech, when after nearly two hours' rapid and emphatic talking, The General sat down exhausted, one realized the truth of a remark he had playfully made himself—"They call me an old man, and they use me like a young one."

The concluding day of Brisbane's demonstrations were devoted entirely to personal spiritual dealing. In the morning and afternoon, the officers sat under the thrilling advice and council of the General. The stream of God's grace flowed very deep.

At night, the soldiers and recruits joined with the officers and the closing meeting was a Heaven, on earth. There were many soldiers present who had never been within the coast or to a church, and fifteen hundred miles away, even from Cooktown and Thursday Island, to see the General. Two hundred and fifty people publicly abashed themselves before God in this Brisbane series, which the Pentecostal Servant, Major Graham, analyses as 110 for salvation and 140 for the higher spiritual life.



A Queensland Social Institution

BUNDABERG.

(Population, 5,000; 200 miles or more north of Brisbane; one of the great sugar centres. It is of interest to us in being the town furthest north visited by the General on this tour, and also one of the three new places which were new ground to him.)

A day of fatiguing travel, rendered none the less wearisome by the big business transacted en route, landed Bundaberg's great visitor and party at the local railway station somewhere near six o'clock.



the transaction of much correspondence." Gympie people do not lack sharpness of wit; they applauded oftentimes before the General had got his point fairly out from his lips. Sunday was a scorcher. With the sun at 104° in the shade, and salivation apparently at a standstill, the people who came to hear the General did a little of it. The hall was densely packed at night, and many hundreds were turned away. It was a hard and stiff fight, but before eleven at night a haldeight wind-up celebrated the salvation of the 55th soul and the sanctification of the fifteenth.

IPSWICH.

(A flourishing town of a few thousand inhabitants, with the Salvation Army in full evidence.)

This was the General's last port of call in Queensland. The town was a fete. The School of Art was full to the doors before the General got there. The streets were thronged with thousands, who could not hope to enter the hall, and whom only hope of seeing the General was to obstruct the station platform.

As the train would not leave for the south till Tuesday evening, the General "indulged" in a day's meetings over and above the programmed allowance. They were hot-hose meetings, and scores of soldiers and others claimed purity at the penitent-hall.



THE FOUNTAIN, TOOWOOMBA.

GYMPIE.

(While Maryborough is the port of the Wide Bay district, Gympie is its goldfield—the bank where the district keeps its money.)

The General's reception here took place at noon on Saturday, and the station precincts were overrun by an enthusiastic, shouting host of soldiers and their friends. They would have liked Mr. Dryden to put off his welcome speech with little ceremony, and come straight to the rights and privileges of Mr. Smith, M.L.A., the General's host; well, there was not a man there but felt he could make the grand old man quite as welcome, if not quite so comfortable.

W. H. CROOK, Esq., M.L.A.
Who took the chair at the General's meeting at Toowoomba.

MARYBOROUGH.

(A flourishing town of 12,000 people, with two Salvation Army corps actively at work.)

The Town Hall, engaged for the General's appearance, is a commanding structure, but was ridiculously inadequate for the need.

The Hon. A. H. Wilson, M.L.C., graced the chair and delivered an introductory address with almost an Army ring about it. He spoke to "soldiers and adherents of the great Salvation Army," and voted it superfluous that anyone should introduce "the greatest and best-known old man of the age."

The General was in more than usually good trim, and his wit struck fire at every good blow he delivered, like sparks fly from the smith's anvil. The absence of an Army flag from the platform was a circumstance from which he extracted many a pleasant anecdote.

Alferman Bartholomew, the General's host, negotiated the vote of thanks. He bore tribute to the Army's success in reducing the sin and misery around.



Brisbane, from Convent Hill.

Salvation Newslet.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is somewhat better.

Americanism will soon have a poor man's Hotel.

The last person that Colonel Barker met with in '95 was an ex-jailed

Major Joiner, the G.R.M. man in England, has made up his mind to raise \$50,000 this year on behalf of the Social Scheme.

The Commandant led a very special week-end at the Clapton Congress Hall. Twenty souls came to the cross.

A great welcome demonstration to the General takes place in London on March 16th.

Major Sister asserts that not until the history of the Salvation Army is written shall we fully realize what we owe to the productions, example and labors of the General's younger son, and our greatest marshal.

Norway is having a special winter campaign. January will be devoted to collection; February to the restoration of backsliders; March to a great raid upon sinners; and April to the making of soldiers.

A new hall has just been opened at Nechells, holding 300 people.

During 1895 Brigadier Miss has seen 200 adults at the penitent-hall in her meetings in addition to still greater numbers of children.

Major Reynolds, of London Road, pays a flying visit to America, where she will inspect the new Salvation Army Hospital.

Major Stanley Evans, whose appointment to Madrid was cancelled before Christmas, is, probably, taking an English command shortly.

The Commandant, in company with the Premier, inspected the Trade Department, England, recently. He was greatly impressed by the variety and knowledge of the various departments.

Major Harding was compelled to journey to Harwich with the Commandant to secure an "interview." It was the only uncoupled hour of the Commandant's disposal.

We heartily congratulate our Cuban comrades upon their late Rodeo March. With all the energy of fiery nature, Brigadier Miss Shaw threw himself into the effort, while what excesses the total of 470 men proved.

The - Commandant - in - Britain!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND DEMONSTRATIVE RECEPTION.

A Vigorous and Humorous Address.

A CORDED, OVERFLOWING, AND ELECTRIC RINK.

THE COMMANDANT took Regent Hall by storm last Monday night.

I have seen larger crowds at an S.A. demonstration, but never in the same place. The historic Rink must have contained over 2,000 people to-night it must have contained 2,700.

I have seen bigger crowds turned away from a hall, when the General has been in command, but never so early as six o'clock. The hall was gorged by that time; in fact, scores of people were hovering round the iron gates at four p.m., some having come twenty, thirty, and one or two fifty miles, just to say "hallelujah" for the Commandant.

I have seen exhibitions of enthusiasm under almost every degree of human feeling; but for free, loose, eye-speaking manifestations of undulator-like energy, I have seen Regent Hall—where the Commandant had turned his way to the platform, accompanied by his sister (the Field Commissioner), Commissioners Howard, Commissioner Carleton, Commissioner Hartton, Colonel Bremer, Colonel Nicol, Colonel Higgins, and a crowd of prominent Staff-officers—would take more than a pen or portrait artist to describe.

The L.H.Q. Band was perched on the shelf; the Rinkers' Band on the pentent-form; and the Cadets' Band behind the Commandant's chair. Across the north-end facing of the gallery was a huge lettering, "Welcome Commandant!" Below and forming a canopy to the entire orchestra, was the mammoth water-color painting of the Farm Colony, the work of Treasurer Morell.

Old soldiers of the Commandant's—now officers; and old F.O.'s—now full-blown Staff—leapt to their feet at the signal of approach, and with the fine array "International, Trade, Home Office, Rescues and Social Staff to blend the exuberant galaxy re-fired to—the noise was that of a dozen cataracts thrown into one.

It was a proud moment for the Commandant, do you think? I grant it, most certainly. Tears rose in his eyes. His lips trembled. His frame, like as ever, was under the spell of strong emotion, and he could plainly see that the cataract was uncontrollable and too much for him. But it was only for a moment. He was caught in the whirl, and he danced with the British Commissioner, kissed his sister, salamed everybody fifty times, and then sank!

But it was a proud moment for the International, and British Staff and London soldiers. We in England are jealous for the reputation of our comrades and the cause in other lands; for months our beloved welcome in Canada where the Commandant at their hands have been under the cloud of cruel misrepresentation. The cloud burst mainly upon their leader's head. We have calmly and prayerfully awaited the final stage in the passing away of the cloud. And it has passed away. The effect has been a great and lasting compensation. The Commandant, by his dauntless and upright conduct, his clean-cut, well-defined Salvationism, has sealed forth the finest feelings of our natures. He has been faithful even to

hororom in his troth to the flag. He has been patient when his motives have been impugned, and wise and generous in the spirit of victory. We like fighting of this description, and we do not care to dismiss it, so that when the Commandant's arrival in this country met ours we let go. It was the hour of our as well as his reward. We believed in him thoroughly when he left our shores. We believe in him more than ever. Our confidence has been mighty strengthened. . . .

After the cataract came the flowing tide. The meeting went forward without a hitch. We sang the old song with the chorus, "Victory for me."

The eagerness to hear the Commandant was manifest from the beginning, and as he stood up at length, the entire house rose and repeated the demonstration of a few minutes before. The Commandant, who looks sleekly fresher in tone and freer of speech, was deeply touched.

THE COMMANDANT'S ADDRESS.

On a certain memorable occasion, began the Commandant, he met a certain editor—in no less a personage than Colonel Nicol—in the city of Toronto, and asked him at a similar critical moment to the present, "What am I to say?" "The Scotch" reply was characteristic, "Oh, it is very simple—just let it out!" The Commandant replied, "That is all very well, but it is not so easy to let Niagara pour forth like a impetuous waterfall for something like two solid hours, and the sparkle thereof dimmed not!

"Under the same old flag, on board the same old ship, and, thank God, we haven't landed in the belly of a shark!" was the pitiful introduction to his old-time associates which our honored visitor made, in the same breath confessing—American as he was!—that the half of the heart, affectionate, and sincere had never been told. Stimulated by this cheering up visit, he would the more consecrately spend and be spent in God's service. He had been telling his people in Canada that we were beside the banks of the Salvation Army ought of all folks, to cheer one another up. There were plenty of kicks and blows, scandals and fiascades hurled at us from without surely we could

SMILE AT EACH OTHER

when we met! There was a limited class of people, some of whom were soft-hearted—not! They must excuse him, but he always was in the dangerous habit of saying straight things! (Laughter.) Some were officers, and even more than officers, who were always telling us, "I don't believe in saying this, that and the other—I believe in acting." "Well now," said the Commandant, "I am one of those who believe in saying it, and acting it, too!" a rally which entirely commanded itself to the delighted audience.

" . . . What is it that makes people staff and cold—aye, even in the case of comrades in the Army—when they meet after an interval of time? It is

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL,

of pride, of division, of self, which gets into them. God keep that spirit out, and then, whatever else we meet in, be it India, Africa, Australia,



America, or that best of all countries, the Dominion of Canada—good gracious me! I left one country out—England (much laughter)—we shan't be strangers in these parts. Glory be to God!" Now, reader, you have a sample of the delicious mixture of this sparkling speech.

HIS BATTLEGROUND.

Right eloquently did the Commandant then proceed to initiate us into the material charms of his battleground, the "great country from which I come." Most strenuously did he resent even a suspicion of swagger, for he was not like the man who had a steam yacht on the Mississippi with such a big whistle that every time it was blown he had to stop his boat to get up steam again! ("Oh! and laughter.") There was a good application even to that story—some people were all whistle and no go. "I have—nearly—ten days by train and steamship—crossed the continent to get to the extremes of his territory: climates, of which there are four different specimens, disproving the vulgar supposition that it is an abode of ice and snow only, a place where, if you happen to be a little lame in the nostrils,

THEY WOULD IMMEDIATELY FREEZE UP.

so that you could hardly blow your nose again for six months, or where, if you happen to be weeping and shut your eyes, they would freeze up! Canada's wealth of grain—sixteen million straight off of unbroken wheat-fields, with grass up to the saddle-girths, which the horse can pluck with unbended head, and its unlimited mineral resources! This, this was Canada! It was but right to report that at this juncture the speaker looked weary, and Captain Howard said, "You can see my aim is all this—I have got my eye on a few good emigrants!" He spoke approvingly, too, of the Commission of Enquiry, which last autumn the General sent out to the Northwest, and expressed his belief that our leader's hopes and prayers on behalf of the Over-Sea Colony were going to find fulfillment in some measure, if not entirely, in that beautiful country.

And the Battle.

The Battle! Ah, bears beat quickly at the rock, writes this hero. A "Give us God!" resounding and the Commandant's lips at the very commencement, for once more it had come to pass—that he must bring another of his inexhaustible stock of stories to bear on the point. It was a Ditchman—and they would remember that his own heart was "cooked" in a "Dutch" oven. (Laughter.) This man had lost his only boy, and went wandering through the world bemoaning his loss, and saying, "My poor, my poor, and I怨ed the world for not looking for him." And then the Dutchman went on to relate: "I was talking through the streets of New York, and thought I saw my boy, and I said to myself, 'Now, is that my boy?' I says, 'I think it is, but it is not quite sure.' And I go closer to him and say, 'Yes, it is!' He look at me, and I look at him. Then I go nearer to him, and he comes nearer to me. I say, 'My dear boy!' He say, 'My dear father!' And then I put my arms right round him, and it wasn't his!"

Mrs. Herbert's Love.

Half the anxieties and anguish the Commandant had suffered had never come to pass. The devil had come to him in the night sometimes and shown him himself inside out and hanging on a gibbet. He had let him see his wife—she he wouldn't "swop" her for all the women in creation. (Laughs of laughter.) She sent her love to her English comrades, and her thanks and wishes, and had often sung the sweater when she remembered the prayers and kindnesses of those who was privileged to know during the time she was in the British Field (Cheers). But to return to the application of the story, here was a woman who had the same thing, of looking at something and saying, "Yes, it is going to destroy me!" and we have put the arms of our soul and of our anguish round it by night and by day, and have been in danger of letting go of God and of our work at the very moment we ought to hold on tightest, and then we wake up one morning and say, "It isn't it! Glory be to God! which the andante re-echoed.

Difficulties.

The first difficulty they had to deal with in Canada was disunion. That was Satan's masterpiece; and of all the foes which could congeal the blood of a Salvationist, and dry up the fountain of his soul, disunion knew of none so able. Disunion was not the created thing that the Devil ever brought about on God's earth, whether it existed in a territory or in a corps; the wedge in between pure hearts, and true spirits, and brave souls, and valiant soldiers, and by which he made the very strength which was the consequence of their unity into the weakness which was the consequence of their disunion. Hold onto your love for each other! Like the wife who, when her bankrupt husband came home and said, "My dear, everything is in ruins, and I have sold all I have to get to the extremities of his territory: climates, of which there are four different specimens, disproving the vulgar supposition that it is an abode of ice and snow only, a place where, if you happen to be a little lame in the nostrils,

read your own history, the history of the Army. What does it show? That there must be times of stress and storm. But if, in these hours, we can look at each other and say, "My love for you, your love for me, is in the hands of the Shepherd" (Good cry of "No!") "then let all the world come on!" (Deafening volleys)

For the first twelve months financial difficulties and depression had to be faced. Both were, however, at length mastered; the first by the Work having become just self-supporting—(volley)—and the second by unloading their cargo from the willows; "for," said Mr. Herbert, "we must stand for hope, for progress, for the Army. When we are disunited and exhibited his intent—a scion each, into which the Canadian farmers are to be invited to put their titles of province in aid of the Army's institutions." The most sorrowful of all difficulties, "touched a tender chord in the big meeting, especially in the case of those who personally knew the late Staff-Capt. Agnes Jones. "Never could it be laid to her charge," said the Commandant, in a generous tribute to her memory, "that she had failed in the lot or her duties as a dear member of the Salvation Army." (Volleys.) He with tears in his eyes, the last measure which she ever uttered the last words she spoke on earth—

WORDS OF VICTORY AND LOVE TO HER OLD COMRADES

In this country especially. "We carried the corps of that beautiful girl," he said, "up the main street of that city, where she had fought so nobly, with fortitude, and honor, and sacrifice, and had her in rest with America all but broken." A few weeks before, the last of their beloved Canadian comrade, Major Jowett, touched the Golden Pavement.

At the same time the Commandant did not fail to eulogize the devotion of some of his chief officers, notably Colonel Holland and Brigadier-General in the most trying hours these commanders had stood nobly by him and

the flag! God bless them! (Hearty volleys)

Then the Commandant related the story of our recent legal victory in the law courts here, "racy, but scrupulously fair," as a contemporary puts it, concluding with the following statistics:

It was a truly wonderful and inspiring meeting, and one which we hope our Canadian command will remember as meant as much a greeting to them as a welcome to their Commissioner. From the English War Cry.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A formal invitation to the salvation of the last and sanctification of the strict, together with the propagation of the Salvation War, is in place. Address all communications to the Editor, Sales and Advertising Headquarters, Toronto.

HOME AGAIN!

THIS COMMANDANT has returned from his voyage across the ocean. We welcome him back most heartily. Although the time of his absence and the distance geographically have been less than on some of the long tours taken within the borders of his own Territory, the fact of the Atlantic's rolling between our leader and us caused amongst us all a consciousness of his absence which would not otherwise have existed. We therefore say with increased warmth and emphasis, "Welcome Home!"

HERO OF THE HOUR.

THE COMMANDANT has been the hero of the hour. We partially reproduce a very lengthy report from the English Cry, which tells, in the most glowing terms, of many extraordinary achievements by the Commandant and the Britishers, in some respects not surpassed even by the General's big times there. To say this is to gauge the wave of British warmth of welcome higher than high water mark, and no more can be said. This welcome, our British contemporaries hope, will be received by the Army here as a greeting for them as much as a welcome to their Commandant.

Thanks, John Bull, we duly appreciate your greeting, and wonder why, with such a grand train and brief a journey, some of you don't visit us. Come and give us a chance to welcome you, and see how we will respond.

--II--

TO ADVANCE.

"A SWEEPING ADVANCE," was the k-yo from the Commandant on his return. As soon as he put his feet on American soil the wire flashed this message to each Provincial Secretary. The message went just in time to put the last fagot on the fire of enthusiasm engendered by the prospect of the approaching big War Cry, and the Booth effort will be the first response of the War to the Commandant's message from New York.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, while known as the Chief Officer in the magnificent Women's Rescue work the Army carries on in Britain, has had a very serious illness, and it appeared at one time as if the end would be fatal. Latest advice report, however, we are glad to say, a favorable turn in affairs.

The time has been one of supreme trial for the Chief of the Staff. From the sick chamber of Mrs. Booth came a most solemn and touching message to the 3,000 persons assembled at the watch-night service in Clapton Congress Hall. Parts of it run thus:—"For a week I have been standing beside my dear wife, very near to the borders of the Eternal world. In God's great goodness she is yet spared to The Army, and to me, my precious children, and to me. It is the crowning Mercy of a year which has been to me a year of boundless Mercy."

"In the presence of great sorrow,

and, above all, in the presence of death, there is nothing can avail but the present and abiding assurance of personal salvation. All hopes, all friendships, all riches, all consolations, all, all, all, all earth ever had, or ever can have, without the inward certainty which says 'I know I am saved,' are nothing!"

We tender the Chief of the Staff the sincere sympathies of this wing of the Salvation Army, and the best wishes of our love and prayers. May Mrs. Bramwell Booth long be spared to direct that most Christ-like work which has brought life and hope to so many dark hearts.

State Talk.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is appealing for candidates for Siam work, while the Commander enlists for 1,000 officers for the field.

New ground—Atchison and Leavenworth, Kan., Albany and Eugene, Ore., and Philadelphia, D. C., 14, 15 and 16 are all now opening.

A man has been saved at Olean, N. Y., who made it his business some time ago to hire hoodlums to disturb the Army meetings.

Promotions.—Ensigns Albright, Blackhurst and Horron are now Adjutants, while Captain Blackburn, of the Trade, and Captain Paulson, of the Swedish work, become Ensigns.

Farewells.—Major Morton, Northern Prairie Division, and Staff-Captain Gilford, of Southern Michigan, have got farewell orders.

A German corps will be opened in San Francisco about the beginning of February.

The Commander has just conducted the Annual Swedish Congress. There can be no question about the future prosperity of this branch.

The Telegraph boys of the "Frisco District Telegraph Company took up a collection among themselves, and forwarded the sum to the Army to help in providing a Christmas dinner for the poor.

At the watch-night service in the Bowery corps, 122 souls knelt at the pentecostal font in a glorious outbreak of salvation.

Mrs. Major Haipin, the wife of the editor of the Pacific Coast War Cry, has been appointed Junior Soldier Staff Secretary for the Pacific Coast division.

The Army in Detroit, Mich., gave a splendid Christmas dinner to 1,000 of the poorest in that city.

The case against Ensign Lamb and Captain Roberts at New Bedford, Mass., was dismissed.

--II--



"Move on!"

LONDON.—The policeman told us to move on. Monday night. He's behind the trees. We've always been moving on, and always will be. Street-musician Mawson was with us with his kit of musical instruments and his far-reaching voice, which seems to have no end to it. He's the man to get a move on! Sunday night two "lasses" got saved. One who lives twelve miles in the country returned next night to give God the glory. That's another move on. May God keep us ever moving on. Amen.—Lieut. G. E. for Ensign Richardson.

Ensign Hughes has arrived from Faroe, N. D., and takes charge of the Marquette Hurricanes.

Captain J. Barr has been appointed G. B. M. agent for the Pacific Province. He set sail on the 20th of January.

Adjutant Magee has arrived in the city. What will be his next appointment?

Captain Mountain has gone off for a G. B. M. tour around the Owen Sound district.

The Very Latest.

THE Commandant's Welcome AND Announced Farewell!

The Commandant had welcome tea and meeting at Parkdale Rescue Home on his return from visit to International Headquarters.

A full complement of officers in and around Territorial Centre was present.

Commandant received tremendous ovation, enthusiasm ran high, recital of his doings in England, the white-worth, Kan., Albany and Eugene, Ore., and Philadelphia, D. C., 14, 15 and 16 are all now opening.

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Everyone acknowledged the loss to Canada, and regretted the necessity of the farewell just when our leaders had made their way through the difficulties and had a clear course to victory before them nevertheless, one and all declared most definitely that they would stand by the Army's principles, and having with the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the fullest confidence in their beloved General, and while loving our present leaders none the less, would yield a similar affectionate service to whoever International Headquarters should send as Commissioners here.

The meeting dispersed between 11 and 12 p.m., profoundly satisfied, but determined to make the Commandant's last three months here a triumphant finale.

Headquarters' Crisplets

THE COMMANDANT arrived on Sunday, Jan. 10th. Look out for report of his welcome meeting on the 20th at the Parkdale Home.

The twenty-sixth of the month: Talk about a Red Letter Day! A right royal Canadian section is worth walking miles to see.

Staff-Capt. Hargraves has been duly installed as chief assistant to the C. P.

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Captain Mountain has gone off for a G. B. M. tour around the Owen Sound district.

Ensign Ritchie is preparing statistics etc. for the J. S. war.

The valuable and only Blackie has taken charge of Cobourg etc.

The latest English Cry publishes words and music of the Commandant's song, "Over and over again." This song appeared in our Cry on Dec. 1st.

The music of the song on page II was by Major Halpin, editor of the San Francisco Cry.

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

"How are you? I suppose you don't know me but I know you." The Rev. Dr. Wilson, a soberly dressed gentleman of about 40. He made the above remark just after alighting from an incoming train at the Depot, then he advanced to me and shook hands. It was Rev. Dr. Wilson, son of the Evangelist Alliance, New York. The Rev. gentleman engaged most warmly after the Commandant expressed great sympathy for him in the many difficulties and trials during his administration here, especially deprecating the action of those who had forced the Army into the law court. The Dr. referred to his "old Comrades" from the USA, and to the fact that "the Army did not move years ago. I'm everybody knows that," also adding that he has a daughter in the Army work, who is now stationed in Yorkshire, England.

It was evident from Dr. Wilson's manner that he is out-and-out in favor of the Salvation Army. God bless him and his work.

The Hamilton Times of January 16 says:—This week's issue of the War Cry contains a fine portrait of Mr. Andrew Provost, treasurer of the Hamilton corps, together with a column account of his life. As Treasurer of the Hamilton corps, he has been very successful in raising funds for the barracks and shelter, having already secured \$500, which he intends increasing to \$1,000.

"Save here. Affectionate greeting. Now for a sweeping advance. Commandant! This was the Commandant's answer to Dr. Haipin's salutation at New York. The Major wired back: "Central Province warmly greets your Advance we must."

THE LATEST!

FAREWELL!

In connection with the almost universal change of Territorial leaders, Commander Ballington Booth has received orders from International Headquarters, London, Eng., to farewell from his charge in the United States. His actual departure will probably not take place for some months.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH is now out of danger, but very much exhausted.

UNITED STATES.

More War Prospects—A Big Call.

Commander Ballington Booth has issued a call throughout all his territory for an enrollment of 10,000 soldiers into the ranks of prospective officership.

NEW EXPEDITION FOR COMMISSIONER POLLARD

The O. S. C.

On the arrival of the General at Cobourg, telegrams awaited him in answer to several inquiries which he set on foot when in Western Australia. These must have been of a gratifying nature, for Commissioner Pollard was at once commanded by the General to return and follow them. They relate to proposals that have been made to the General regarding the Over-Sea Colony. Commissioner Pollard responded by the next steamer to Albany, West Australia.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Commandant & Mrs. Booth to Farewell.

AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION.

To the Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Salvation Army.

BELOVED COMRADES AND FRIENDS,—

As loyal and obedient Salvationists, it is now our duty to inform you that it is the wish of our beloved General that we should relinquish our present command, at about the end of April next. We shall, accordingly, proceed at once with our farewell arrangements. It is unnecessary to say that we shall feel most acutely parting from you all. No comradeship is, or could be, more unspeakably precious to us than that which, like yours, has proved its fidelity in the very surest way. We have trusted, loved, and served each other when circumstances have placed the utmost strain upon our fellowship. We have clung to each other in the storm, and gone bail for one another's integrity when the devil and his agents have done their best to cover us with shame. Love so wrought in the furnace, is strong indeed; comradeship so welded in affliction, will make the parting keenly felt. We should, too, have rejoiced more than we can say, had it been the Lord's way for us, to have lingered amongst you till the better development of our plans would have enabled us to see the further conquests upon which we have so set our hearts. For the victories *behind* we praise God, but there is a special sense in which just now the night is past, and the day of greater triumph is dawning, we should have rejoiced in experiencing with you its sunshine. After standing together so long, in patient resistance of a common foe, it would have cheered us to share the enthusiasm of the all-conquering "charge."

It was in the hope of carrying the judgment of International Headquarters upon this matter that I laid the facts fully before them when in London, and asked them that, if possible, our stay might be lengthened. I found, however, that it was in the highest interest of the universal Army that a large number of territorial changes should take place at the present time, and that mine must necessarily be among them. That being so, I had nothing to say, but that the welfare of the entire Army must be considered, and we would be the first to obey the call, so often given, to sacrifice and duty, by the lips of our God-honored General.

We shall look forward to other opportunities, which will, God willing, be given us of exchanging farewell salutes, when we meet face to face.

Now let us remember that God is our great Leader, and that earthly directors are only of use so far as they bind our hearts to Him. The true test of all spiritual leadership lies in its ability to assist the souls of those who follow to *still follow on* when the human aid is withdrawn. Certainly it is right we should follow the lead of those who are set over us in the Lord, and it is only fidelity which clings to that which is loved and feels the miss of it when gone, but as it was with the Master, so it is in a sense with His shepherds, "It is necessary they should go," in order that the flock may be reminded that it is to the Holy Ghost, after all, they must look for help that delivers, and for power which keeps.

In conclusion, we would say most earnestly, that should any comrade desire to express his or her appreciation for any small service we have rendered the Army or themselves, there is one way above all others in which they can do so. We would ask you to pledge yourselves to a whole-hearted effort for advancing the Army during the last three months of our stay, and to accept with unwavering loyalty, fidelity and obedience the wishes of our beloved General, who must know what is best for the Entire Army. Be determined to do nothing either in word or deed that would burden your mind with any responsibilities that do not belong to you, but go on with your work of saving souls and bringing in the Kingdom of Christ.

With sincere love and hearty appreciation of all your affection and fidelity.

We are, beloved comrades,

Yours for God and the Army,

Territorial Headquarters,

Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1896.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
CORNELIE BOOTH.

A LOYAL TRIBUTE.

The Officers reply to the Commandant's Farewell Announcement.

Jan. 20th, 1896.

X TO COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH.

DEARLY BELOVED LEADERS:

We have heard with profound sorrow the announcement of your farewell from the command of the Canadian Wing of the Army. You will not think us guilty of flattery when we say that we have learned to regard you with an affection that can only be won by love itself, and a respect which is always and only the reciprocation of ability. Both of these gifts you have displayed in a marked degree in the development of our work, and in the strengthening of the bonds of unity and concord. When we remember the difficulties by which we were surrounded at the commencement of your term of office, the discord among a certain set of Officers, as well as the shattered state of our finances, our hearts are filled with grateful praise at the marvellous change which, under the blessing of God, has been wrought.

We take pleasure in saying what a feeling of delicacy only has prevented our saying before, that your loyalty and faithfulness to Army principles, your able, fearless and disinterested service, have made a deep and lasting impression upon our hearts and minds. The thought of parting with you is a deep source of grief and regret to us. Nevertheless, we are aware that in the natural order of things changes of leadership must come, and like loyal soldiers we must resign ourselves to what are sometimes the stern demands of the war, whether they bring comfort or sorrow. We trust and believe that others will gain from what to us is we believe a great loss, and from that fact we take courage and consolation.

Be assured that your going will not cause our zeal to slacken, nor our energy to lag. On the other hand, we shall do what we know you will appreciate far more than any personal praise or commendation: we shall rally round and support your successor, whomever God and our dear General may see fit to appoint over us, exhibiting the same whole-hearted co-operation—however feebly—which we have endeavored to serve you, and if in so doing the War is progressed and God's kingdom extended, we shall feel well and amply rewarded.

Ernestly praying that oceans of blessing and many long years of happy prosperity may be yours,

Your loyal and affectionate officers,

(Signed) THOMAS HOLLAND, Colonel. JOSEPH STREETON, Major.
C. T. JACOBS, Brigadier. THOS. COLLIER, "
JOHN COMPLIN, Major. ARTHUR SMEETON, Staff Capt.
JOHN READ, " J. M. C. HORN, "
THOS. HOWELL, " ALLEN MCMLILAN, "

This letter was read in an Officers' Council at Toronto and unanimously approved of and signed afterwards by all the assembled Officers, about one hundred in number.

Social Reform.

THE SOCIAL FARM.

CHAPTER I.

"Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" This was the query frequently heard around Headquarters lately, and quite as often the reply of Captain Billie, the statistician who figures, in two senses, at the doorway to the General Secretary's office, was "At the Farm." In fact, "Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" and "At the Farm," was heard so often that the Brigadier had to mildly remind an individual on one occasion that he was "not always at the Farm."

If the reader gathers from the preceding paragraph that Brigadier Jacobs has devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the interests of the Social Farm, he will be quite correct; the Brigadier has done so indeed, and help of the Commandant, who has spent scores and hours in studying and planning for the farm, has produced an excellent system on the most approved, up-to-date Army style in working order, and applied to the uplifting and permanent benefit of a hungry, hopeless, hapless humanity—a blessed system, which comprehends the needs of body, mind and spirit and caters for all.

The Social Farm is our second stage in the Great War—great place for raising the submerged. It lies in thus: You are an out-of-work. From some cause or other, no matter what, you have got down, down under the feet of the jostling crowd, every one of whom are absorbed in their own frantic flight to "make a living." Hungry, homeless, workless, centicies, perchance almost despairing of life ever being bought but a weary slavery in the search for "work," your eyes light upon the Army Institution for men. "Work for all" is the motto of the Army, and you say, "I'll see if these people will do anything for me."

"Work? Yes, my friend," replies the Social Captain, "we will give you some work. Come into the wood-yard. You go to the wood-yard, you earn an honest penny like any other honest-working man, you feel yourself the better for earning the right to a supper and bed at the Army Hotel opposite, and you raise your head an inch or two higher as you plunk down your honest cents for your hot supper in the brightly-lighted Army dining-hall."

Good so far, but you want something permanent, your present need has been met, but the future—ah, there's still the future, what of that? "Can these people be my to a permanency?" you query. The answer to that is, "The Social Farm."

Yes, the Social Farm is just the thing. You have become demoralised by your past environment. You need something which will take hold of you and be back-bone to you through



The Homestead, on the New Farm.

every department of your being, till you are bright, hopeful, strong and vigorous once again. The Social Farm will do this for you. Thank God!

(To be continued.)

"An Incalculable Boon."



JOE BEEF.

THE Montreal Daily Herald of recent date has some very commendable things to say of "Joe Beef's Converted," our Montreal Shelter for men. The Herald says a noble work is being done, and that our Institutions are an incalculable boon to the towns in which they are situated. In the column or so the Herald devotes to "Joe Beef" we are informed that "Joe Beef" was opened in July, '93, and for the year ending June 1st, 1905, 13,815 beds have been occupied, 42,821 meals served, while 3,142 beds and 4,406 meals have been given free, partly on charitable tickets."

The Labor Bureau in connection with the Institution has proved its utility by discovering employment for over 400 men.

A home for ex-prisoners is now suggested.

"Surely," says the Herald in conclusion, "an Institution like this is deserving of support, and should have the thanks of every citizen... It is quite certain if they... can arrest the evil influences of such low dives as 'French Mary's' and kindred hot-beds of vice some good at least has been attained."

A LIFEBOAT SPECIAL.

On Wednesday evening, January 15, we had with us Mrs. Major Head, assisted by Mrs. Adjutant Phillips and Captain Baldwin. There were in all

about sixty men present, who were delighted with the kind, straight words spoken and the good council given by Mrs. Head. One man who is a slave to drink said to me, after the meeting, "She seems to get right to the bottom of it." Another remarked, "He could listen to that all night."

Mrs. Phillips' solo, accompanied by her autoharp, took well. Capt. Baldwin said a few well-chosen words. Her visit to the Shelter meetings are always appreciated by the inmates, and especially to God we had the pleasure of seeing the tears finding their way down more than one brow. Check. God bless the sisters. Come again.—H. W. Collier. Capt.

TORONTO LEAGUE OF MERCY.

An Incident.

"**W**HAT, I thought you said you were going out last Saturday," said a League of Mercy worker to an Irishwoman in a cell at the Don prison.

"Shure, an' who's a better right to be here than me?" replied the Irish lady. "I was here before the matron."

"But you've been out?"

"Oh, yes, to be shure, and didn't Oi make up me mind to touch niver a drop again, but when I got to the gate wan o' me friends thirated me to just wan glass o' whisky — only wan, mind—and the policeman declared Oi wis drunk, and run me in; this the Colonels he believed the policeman rather than me, and sent me down again."

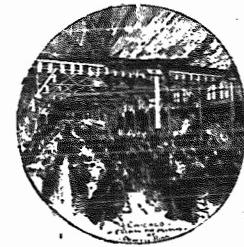
"Oh, well," concluded the speaker, with a sigh of relief, "Oim better here thin layin' around the street."

Captain Berry has been appointed master. It will prove a real boon to the poor women in the city.



The dedication of the New Women's Shelter Receiving Home, San Francisco.

Miss Beatrice Cadbury, daughter of the famous Cocoa Manufacturer, retained \$3 in her box last quarter by the sale of nick-nacks to the employees and servants.



The officers in charge of the Prison Risk, Chicago, gave a very substantial meal on Xmas day to hundreds of the poorest. The paper spoke very kindly of the Army's practical charity.

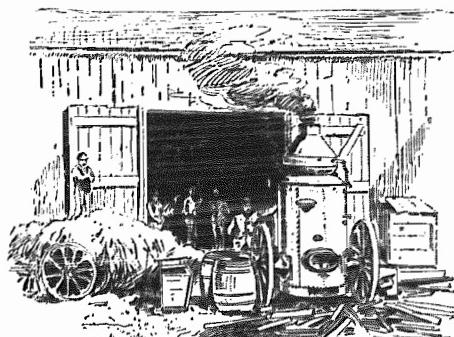
DR. ALEX. MCLEOD, C.B.E.M.B.A., EDMONTON.



BROTHER MCLEOD was born in the year 1858, Jan. 7th, in the town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, Ont. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, who taught their children to love God and respect the Sabbath day. Like most boys Bro. McLeod would get into trouble on account of his size. He left home at the age of twenty-one to seek his fortune. After travelling through the West for six years he landed in Edmonton, Alberta, sixteen years ago. He has been successful as a farmer ever since. When the Army opened a hotel, Bro. McLeod could be seen in the hall listening to the Army lectures of a wounded Sailor. Conviction seizes him heart. He felt he ought to get saved. For nine months he hid back, however. Thirteen months ago he came to Jesus and found the Sailor could save even a Scotchman like himself. Three months ago he was appointed Grade Before-Meal Box Agent for the corps and by the way he is working we believe he will be successful in the collection of money to carry on the work.

On January 15th, 1905, the "Saturday Review" went to the Blackfriars Shelter, "the poorest to soon, and away away an enthusiastic audience," as he himself admits. The interview appears in the Review.

The Pacific Coast comrades opened a splendid Reception House in San Francisco on New Year's day. Cap-



At the New Farm—Cutting Feed for the Cows.

OLD SPOT.

THE Provinces.

Central Ont. Province.

Bracebridge District Jots.

WORD CAMP for Captain Parker to farewell. So Wednesday night he and myself left for Gravenhurst, where Captain Young and Lieut. Rowe had just farewelled at their watch-night service. We reached the barracks and found it shut and no lights or fire. Where Captain and Lieutenant were I could not tell. Some of our unavised had opened the door and soon got a fire on.

It was a dreadful night out, but 75 people came to meeting. I enrolled three soldiers. Left for home on the midnight train.

AT BRACEBRIDGE we are getting a few backsliders saved. We have just enrolled two Juniors and received one into the Senior roll. My, it has been cold of late! Twenty-five below zero last Sunday.

CAPT. LAZER AND WIFE are well up at Parry Sound. They are having lots visitors. Souls are getting saved. CAPT. YOUNG and LIEUT. ROWE, who have just gone to Huntsville, report souls the first week.

GEO. L. ARKETT, D.O.

BRAMPTON.—During the last three weeks we have seen nine precious souls fall at the cross and surrender to Jesus. Among the number is one of the world drunkards in the town. Most of them are taking their last communion. Jessie Penman, Capt. WIATRON.—Our first Sunday's fight in Wiatron is over. Very fair crowds. Comrades on fire. Prospects real bright. Ensign Green, with Brigade, will hold special revival meetings, commencing Thursday next. Capt. H. Hurtado.

OWEN SOUND.—Sunday we had a brand new soul. Commenced at knee-deep, and God crowned our efforts with four souls in the net. One Sunday night and two on Monday night; one while out visiting. His blood can make the wisest clean.—Capt. Pollard, for Ensign Green.

OPEN LETTER

To the Officers and Soldiers
of the Central Ontario Province.

My Dear Comrades—

Having received so many letters of love and sympathy from you, we take this method of thanking you from the depths of our hearts for the heartfelt expressions towards us at this time. Although we were soldiers for THE WORLD'S SALVATION, yet we can assure you we feel the parting, as far as in this Province we were saved, found six years as soldiers, and live as officers. Yet we thank our dear leaders for giving us the privilege of going to another climate for the benefit of our health.

Again we heartily thank you all. May God abundantly bless you and give you greater victories. You can rely on us being true to the flag.

Affectionately yours,

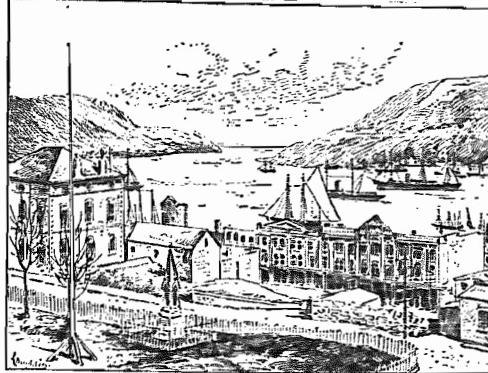
ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE.

EAST ONT. PROVINCE.

PERTH.—Thank God, we are still holding our own and advancing a little. We have had another soul since last report. We have had a visit from Captain Nine, with the magic lantern. The people were delighted.—F. E. Bissell, Cadet.

NAPANEE.—Just same here, and things are going ahead. Yesterday, Sunday, we had a magnificent time. Afternoon a regular boiling over time. Night a powerful meeting, packed to the doors. We landed one soul in the fountain, after which we had an Indian war dance. Three souls since coming here.—Consett.

PETERBORO.—The war chariot is still rolling along, glory to Jesus. God



A View of the Narrows and Harbor, St. John's, Newfoundland.

has blessed the meetings all week. Victory has been ours. Sergt.-Major Spessey has returned, as full of life as ever. God bless you, Sergt.-Major, glad to see you again. We got blessed in the holiness meeting, and at night we had three souls in the fountain.—May Lang.

WATERLOO, P. Q.—We are again able to report souls. One on Christmas day, and another on New Year's eve. May they prove faithful soldiers of the cross. Still our prayer is, more, more!—The two sisters.

MORRISBURGH.—On the last Sunday of the old year a brother who for some time has been cold in his soul and neglected his duty, came back to the fold. Last Friday night three brothers came out and gave themselves to God. They are getting along nicely. On Sunday night we had another soul. Mother Gillard gave us a gig. She said she used to dance for the devil and she thought she could dance for the Lord. We have Dad Horrington (one of our Yankees) connected with us whom God has done a lot for. One who was

KEMPVILLE.—Last Friday night a young man made his way to the foot of the cross. He never was saved before, and is getting along splendidly. We have had altogether, including backsliders, five souls since Christmastime.—Annie Battaglia, Captain.

TRENTON.—Capt. McKinnon and Lieut. Ollis have just taken hold here. Crowds, finances, and interest increasing. Sunday we had with us Captains Milson, Tovell and Beckstead; meetings good. On Monday we were reinforced by Ensign Blackburn. The meeting was of a very original character. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. Tuesday afternoon a special conference of war in the quarters, and at night a very profitable soldiers' meeting was conducted by him.—Beckie, for McKinnon and Ollis.

WESTERN PROVINCE.

WAHPETON, N.D.—One has got so miserably on account of his sins he swears he would not come any more to the Army. He did, though, and got gloriously saved, and so did his wife a few nights after. Since last report there have been five out for salvation. Crowds are very good, collections are improving, and the people are very favorably impressed.—Lieut. H. Petel for Ensign Lee.

BRANDON, MAN.—Sunday was a day of victory. The afternoon meeting was led by Cadets Burn, Cook, and Hammond, who are leaving for the Training Home in a few days. At night they all spoke very feelingly. The outcome was a day's fight with three in the fountain. We lost our comrades very much. Monday night we were reinforced by Capt. McGill, and had two more precious souls.—Anne Hurst, Captain.

PORT ARTHUR.—A great battle was fought here on Sunday evening, the 5th inst. For three long hours, however, was the fighting, and although the "Black Flags" were repulsed again and again, they returned

to the charge, and used up all the tactics they were capable of. Our soldiers were at last seen advancing under the yellow, red and blue, and completely routed the enemy. Three in the fountain. Great enthusiasm. In fact, this is a red letter day for the corps, as four stalwart recruits were enrolled with due solemnity at the afternoon meeting to fight the Good fight.—Andrew Baxter.

MOSSEYVILLE, N.Y. T.—Hello! I suppose you think we are dead? Well, not quite yet! We got a good victory quite early yesterday. The devil of discouragement has been sick ever since. It is rumored that the S. A. is going to be driven out of town, but we are not very nervous about it. We enjoy the fight. Two souls last week.—Cadets Hookin and Mercer.

GRAND FORKS, N.D.—We now have a full hall nearly every night, and oh, how glad we are to see so many coming to the cross. Eight have joined the Lord this week. We had Major Bennett with us from Saturday to Monday.—J. H. Tracy, Cadet, for Ensign Gale, D.O.

MORDEN, MAN.—Farewell orders to hand, after spending exactly five months in Morden. Our figures have gone up, the soil increased, babies dedicated.—H. F. target gone over, and S.-D. quadrupled over last year. We've increased in spirituals, too. My own experience is brighter, my peace deeper, my desires keener. I don't know where I am going, but one thing sure, God will be there. Hallelujah!—Ensign Bob Smith.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Since last report five have sought salvation. This year was welcomed in many different ways by our worthy fellow-citizens, but the Salvationsists held a watch-meeting, led by Ensign Patterson and Fitzpatrick. A big go has been announced for the near future. Major Friedrich is coming, bandmen and local officers are to be commissioned, the officers are coming in from all the corps of the division, and a wonderful time is expected.—Annie Reilly, S.C.

Not a Hard Go."

MISSOULA, MONT.—Words of sympathy are continually being passed in our ears, and over the War Cry has Missoula come as a hardware shop. Christmas eve found us on the streets sixteen strong. The devil did not like it. The inside meeting was a Heaven below. Nine recruits were sworn in under the colors and there are more on the way. Our railroad comrades came in full of fire. Christmas day at 8:30 p.m. we formed a circle for a holiness meeting at the barracks, where the Lord met with us in power. Two sons found Christ. We were reinforced on Monday, the 20th, by Capt. Cook and our new band drum. We sang the Cadet band the train next day for Spokane. Our watch-service was a time of re-consecration to God and His service. As the bells "rang out the old and in the new," we knelt and in silence prayed that God would

use us in 1896 to bring many wanderers home. One precious soul was born into the kingdom. Fourteen of us had a grand New Year's march at 1 a.m. Every one seemed glad to see us. Even the bar-tenders were out on the sidewalk in their uniforms.—Lieut. Scott, for Captain Corlett.

For North Dakota ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE ARE BOUND.

They Tell the Editor a Thing or Two.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE, both looking bright and happy, showed up at the War Cry office for a few final words before boarding the cars for Bismarck, 1,400 miles from their last appointment.

Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre came into the work five years ago, after six years of soldiering. Their Adjutant got an excellent training in corps affairs those six years. He took the deepest interest in the War as carried on in his corps (Bownaville), "plunging his whole being," to use his own expressive sentence, into the fight, so that he was able to take charge of a corps straight away. The Adjutant and his wife commanded three corps; then followed promotion to a District Officer, and finally the Adjutant became second man in the Central Ontario Province.

—H.—

REFERRING to his experiences in the Army, he had nothing to complain of with respect to any of these under whom he has served in the Lord, neither had he ever had to appeal to his D. O. or Headquarters, for a cent. "The War has kept us, and we have been happy, contented, satisfied, well clothed, and with plenty to eat."

From this phase of his career it will be seen that the Adjutant is a man of some sturdiness and energy of character.

—H.—

HE AND MRS. AYRE left Toronto in excellent spirits. They have full faith in God, their Territorial leaders, and the Army, and are certain of victory. The Adjutant also is full of hope that the change of climate will free him from the chronic asthma with which he is affected,—the result of a boyish escape.

—H.—

THE ADJUTANT testifies to a spiritual experience almost without a cloud. Asked to what he attributed the power to keep out of the damps and conquer all the time, he replied, "Putting the kingdom first." While he does not wish to speak in praise of himself, yet he could bear witness to working for God and souls night and day, both as a soldier and an officer. His whole being was so absorbed in the work, so that it was a joy instead of being a burden or hardship. Another reason for his happiness in his work was counting the cost before he took the step into officership. He did not jump without proper thought, so was thoroughly prepared when hardness came. Hard times had come, too, for the Adjutant, besides the ordinary ups and downs of officership, has had sick spells and has lost his little boy since coming into the work.

BISMARCK, North Dakota, is to be the scene of his labors. It is new ground to him, and we may look for some lively scenes there. The Adjutant has already been told not to be afraid if he sees a crowd of cowboys in his audience armed with revolvers and bowie-knives. God bless Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre, and let the War Cry readers say "Amen!" C.



West with a bang—Boon Week.

SALVATION SONGS.

FREE-AND-EASY DITTIES.

Tune—"Sweet Marie."

I am listening for thy voice,
Saviour dear,
I would make thy cross my choice,
So precious to me.
While I come to Thee
All I have or hope to be,
All I reveal! Thyself to me,
Saviour dear.
I would see Thy blessed face,
Saviour dear,
I would rest in Thy embrace,
Saviour dear,
I would lose myself in Thee,
Evermore Thy captive be,
To be Thine eternally,
Saviour dear.

Chorus.

Speak to me, tenderly.
Tenderly, speak to me,
With thy gentle, loving voice
Speak to me, Saviour, hear me while I pray,
Comfort, strength me to-day,
Only speak and I'll obey,
Speak to me.

Thou art speaking now to me,
Saviour dear,
And thy smiling face I see,
Saviour dear,
Oh, what rapture fills my soul,
As o'er me the billows roll,
I am every whit made whole,
Saviour dear,
Now I know how to do thy will,
Saviour dear,
Thou dost with thy presence fill,
Saviour dear,
I will bring the lost to Thee,
Thou hast died to set them free,
Suffered death on Calvary,
Saviour dear.
—Captain Evans, Sacramento.

Tune—"The Maple Leaf forever."

2 Some years ago a blood-washed man,
Filled with power and liberty,
Went forth to preach to dying souls
The tale of Calvary.
God owned his work, and gave him souls,
And blessed his brave endeavor,
To-day he waves a flag we love,—
The Army Flag forever!

Chorus.

The Army Flag is waving still,
We'll lower it never! never!
Till all the world is won, we'll wave
The Army Flag forever!

At times the clouds were thick and dark,
And Satan with his forces came
And tried to shake his courage, but
He stood in Jesus' name;
And God, whose help he sought each hour,
Has failed him never, never,
So still he's fighting bravely 'neath
The Army Flag forever!

The war goes on and souls are won
By God's great host of blood-washed men,
Who by His might shall put to flight
The power of death and sin.
And when in Heaven, around the throne,
We'll cease our praises never,
That by God's grace we loved to sing
The Army Flag forever!

Katoo Allen, Kingston.

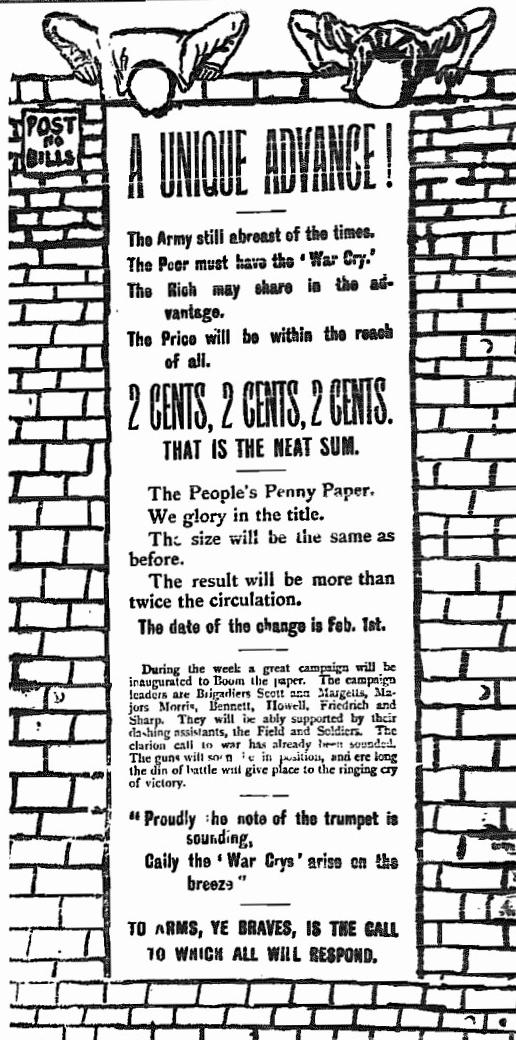
CLEAN-HEART SONGS.

Tunes—"Anything for Jesus," B.J. 76; or "Oward, Christian soldiers," B.B. 265

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, more of Thee I need,
Hear me while I'm praying, for more love I plead;
Love for precious dying souls who are far in sin,
Jesus, come and fill me, help me souls to win.

Chorus.

Anything for Jesus.



The Army still abreast of the times.
The Poor must have the 'War Cry.'
The Rich may share in the ad-
vantage.
The Price will be within the reach
of all.

2 CENTS, 2 CENTS, 2 CENTS.
THAT IS THE NEAT SUM.

The People's Penny Paper.
We glory in the title.

The size will be the same as before.

The result will be more than twice the circulation.

The date of the change is Feb. 1st.

During the week a great campaign will be inaugurated to boom the paper. The campaign leaders are Brigadiers Scott and Maitland, Majors Morris, Bennett, Howell, Friedrich and Sharp. They will be ably supported by their flashing assistants, the Field and Soldiers. The clarion call to war has already been sounded. The guns will soon be in position, and ere long the din of battle will give place to the ringing cry of victory.

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Gaily the 'War Cry' arises on the breeze."

**TO ARMS, YE BRAVES, IS THE CALL
TO WHICH ALL WILL RESPOND.**

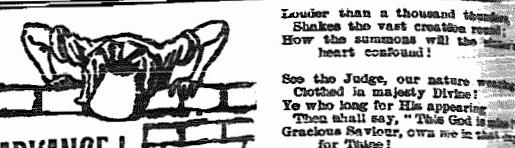
Jesus, loving Saviour, fit me for the fight,
May I only live for Thee, walking in the light;
Teach me, Lord, to trust Thee when the way is dark,
Ever pressing onward to the heavenly mark.

Only in thy service, Lord, I want to be,
All my time and talents to be spent for Thee;
Every need Thou wilt supply while I trust in Thee,
Where I'll be most useful, there I want to be
—My Lang, Peterboro'.

Tunes—"Little sweetheart, come and kiss me"; "Just before the battle, mother" ("Sweet the moments"), B.J. 29; "Meet me at the found-tain," B.J. 12.

[A song that has been used much in leading souls into a full salvation.]

4 Art thou willing I should save thee,
Save thee from thy every sin?
Art thou willing I should help thee,
Dwelling constantly within?
Art thou willing to surrender all
That now lies dear to thee?
If so, tell me, and I'll cleanse thee,
Through thy sins as sterlet be.



Louder than a thousand thunderbolts,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons will the nations confound!
See the Judge, our nature wrings,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
Ye who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"

Gracious Saviour, own we in that day!

for Thine!

5 At the call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shiver,
By His looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner, what will this be
come of these?

Tunes—"Roll on, dark stream," B.J. 31, or "Oh Calvary," B.J. 26

6 The great Archangel's trumpet sound,
While twice ten thousand thunderbolts
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea retreat.

Chorus.
"Roll on, dark stream," etc.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal,
Saviors shall lift their guilty load
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

But ye, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages, ever.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

A Newfoundland Officer and his sergeant
Spend a Fearful Time between Life and Death, but they were ready to die!

SCENE I.

Got word from the Ensign to be at Little Bay on Thursday, so Sergeant Major and I got a boat from Mr. Lock and started. The wind was blowing very hard, but we had a nice time until we got to Half's Bay Head. The wind kept increasing, and by this time it was blowing a hurricane. We had no belief in our boat, so we thought we would go into the Port and get some. Before we got there a small canoe oil two Head and upset our boat.

SCENE II.

We got on her side. There was a house not far away, but the people did not see us. We "made shift" but to one came to our help. By this time the boat was leaking, but were drifting away. We thought it wise to try and save them, so we got all we could get and tied them to the boat. Then we got to work to get the masts out of the boat. When they came out she came upright, and we managed to get into her.

SCENE III.

But she was full of water. We got to work and tried to get her to shore, but we failed to do so. We were so wet and cold that we could not do much, so we gave up. We were not saved and not afraid to die, but had courage and got the boat up for a run, and got up the little sail. The Sergeant-Major made the waves very rotten in one side and cut on the other. After a long time we got to land, about three miles distant.

SCENE IV.

Then we got our boat in the gull. We had to face a hard cliff, but we had to get up or stay there and die. We started, and I got up all right, but when the Sergeant-Major was trying to he looked down, and his feet got stuck. He was just about to fall when I let myself down a little from one hand and lowered my feet. The Sergeant-Major caught it, and I pulled him up.

SCENE V.

We had to walk quite a way before we got to any house. We got to Mrs. Egert, to see old friend, Sergeant Major. They were very kind to us but they could not understand how we got through it. Next day we walked to Little Bay and back there that night. We got back to Philip's Island about 9.30 o'clock on Saturday night, well in our spirits and very tired.

CAPT. COOPER